Will's Scratch

stayed open until fishing boats came in.

Everything cooked from scratch.

But now: small freezer.

“I lost my women to Walmart. They did all the slicing, cutting, mincing, filleting the fish, shucking oysters, and what have you.”

“You pay less than them. That's pretty lame.”

“Well, they left in tears, so maybe something else was here.”

“You know, Will, everything still tastes great. How come?”

He waves one arm along his shelf of spices. Then taps his head.

Sears my thick steak, lost in the vapor.